DISHRAG

#3

FOOD NOT SCABS 'DOCKS 98"

dish pigs

Welcome to DishRag #3.

...substantially late but worth the wait and no less the entertaining for it...

Sadly we have not be swamped by contributions and although realising that dishwashers everywhere need to save their hands for `the task'....if you do have an interesting anecdote (or even a boring one...), a poem, or a story to tell...put on those protective rubber gloves and tap a few lines.

You can send anything to:

DishRag
P O Box 383
Brunswick 3056
Vic

We are also always on the lookout for dishwasher/kitchen/hospitality type graphics....thanx to Kianna for her contribution to this issue (p8) and of course Dread for her continuous input of graphics and cartoons

Contributions do not have to be about dishing only...we are also looking for other stories from the hospitality industry.....perhaps you are a floor walker or a grog slinger?....or even a chef or apprentice....

So read on....

Lifes Short....

Laugh Hard!....

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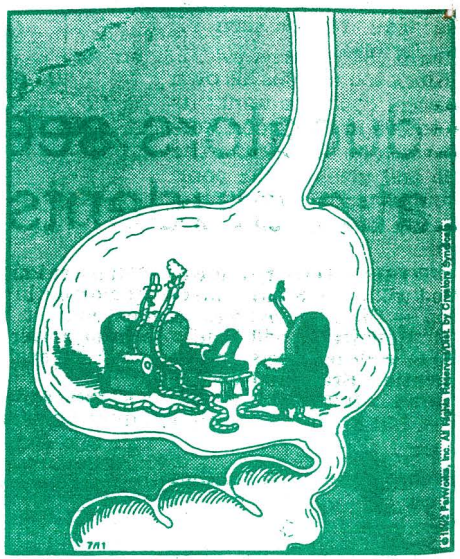
THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



"Well, I'm not sure if we can afford stomach insurance – right now, we're trying to put the kids through the small intestine."

Tips on Managing Bosses

We all know that managing bosses can be tiresome, so I thought I'd jot down a couple of tips for the willing worker to take control of the situation and keep the boss out of your hair.

Tip One: *Do the Unexpected*

I'm standing there at the sink, up to my elbows in suds, with a pile of dishes that seems to get bigger as the night gets later, and one of the bosses appears at the door to the kitchen.
'Get to work,' he says,
'I'm not paying you to stand around and talk.'
Well, I think, you're not paying me to stand around and take abuse either. But I know I'm wasting my time getting worried or upset about it
all, so the next time he sticks his head through the door, I ask him how his night's been.
And its as though he's just been hit with something, like a classic cartoon scene where eyes bulge, heads twang to a stop, and looks of stunned amazement are writ large on someone's face.
'Oh, OK I suppose,' he says.
'Well, that's work,' I reply, friendly and confident.

And he leaves me alone for the rest of the night.

Tip Two: *Get in before they do.*

One night I arrive for work, and as I'm stripping down for another sweaty session labouring over a hot dishwashing machine, one of the assistant chef's slides over to my corner of the kitchen, a worried look on her face.
'Watch out for the boss tonite,' she says, 'he's in a really foul mood.'
Well cock-a-doodle-do, I think, we'll see.

Later, when he appears in the kitchen, I ask how he is tonite, as cheery as can be and before he gets the chance to say anything, explain that personally I'm a bit tired.
'So am I,' he replies, looking a bit quizzical, as though he's wondering why I'm asking.
'Actually I'm stuffed.'
'Yer, we had a hard night here in the kitchen last night too,' I explain.
'Oh,' he says as he exits the kitchen, and once again he leaves me alone for the rest of the night.

Tip Three: *Make your own work*
('cause if you don't someone else will)

' If you're just standing around, go out the back and see if there's any boxes need cleaning up.'
Its half way through a slow Saturday night, and for a moment I'm standing at an empty sink, staring into a vague distance dreaming about the beer I'll be having when I knock off. Of course, its at this moment that the Chef looks over to my corner of the kitchen. So I'm stuck

outside, in the cold, folding the boxes which are spilling out of the recycle bin.

Now, when I have those all too rare moments of idleness at the coalface, I busy myself with cleaning down the tiles around the sink and the dishwashing machine, tidying up my corner, so at least when the Chef looks over my way he sees a busy, conscientious worker.

And the point of all this?

Its not to be a conscientious worker, and its not to be the best worker in the kitchen, but one way to have a voice with the bosses is to do your job well. This also keeps the powers that be off your back, and creates a space within which its possible to say things which otherwise would not be listened to.

The other workers in the kitchen are relying on us to keep those dishes flowing, and the floor staff are relying on us to keep the cutlery and plates moving back out. So I wash the dishes and keep an eye on what's needed. That way the chefs make me nice meals and the floor staff bring me cold drinks from the bar. And together wecan face the management, knowing that we are all helping each other on the job.

In the same way, making sure that I cover the shifts I've said I'd do makes sure that all the other dishpigs aren't put out, and improves our position in the restaurant. And why do we want to improve our position?

So we have some bargaining power if and when the shit hits the fan, as it often can in such a volitile working environment. And so we have some bargaining power when we ask for more money, as we should do on a regular basis.

Dishpigs unite!
We have nothing to lose but our low wages and shitty conditions.

the good ol' days

ONE DAY AT THE CLUB FOR RETIRED KITCHENHANDS
ALL WEL COME
SAT 10 RETIRED KITCHENHANDS
SHIT, IT USED TO BE SO BAD AT 'la dysentry' WE WORKED REAL HARD
'REAL HARD' MY ARSE. WE WORKED UNTIL WE WERE DELIRIOUS
OH! WHAT WE WOULD HAVE GIVEN TO BE DELERIOUS. AT OUR JOINT, WE WASHED DISHES 23 HOURS A DAY!
YOU LUCKY, LUCKY BASTARDS
At 'la bottom pinching' WE WORKED 24 HOURS A DAY AND ONLY GOT PAID FOR 8.
THATS NOTHIN!
AT THE 'POXY POXY' WE HAD TO PAY THE CHEF TO LET US WORK FOR HIM
AT LEAST YOU HAD A CHEF! AT 'la 5th. African maggot', I COOKED FOR 200, DISHED FOR 200 THEN CARRIED A WHEELIE BIN FULL OF FOOD SCRAPS OVER THE BOSS'S FOUR WHEEL DRIVE.
YOU HAD IT EASY. AT 'la heirachy', I HAD TO RUB THE RIND OFF A BOX OF LEMONS WITH MY TOES
WHAT A PACK OF WINGERS, AT THE 'FROLICKING' bollock I GAVE BIRTH DURING MY SHIFT AND HOSED DOWN THE MAT AFTERWARD.
BIG DEAL. ONCE DURING SERVICE, I HAD TO RUN 5 MILES TO THE PIER, SIT FISHING FOR SQUID, IN WET CLOTHES, WITH THE CHEF CALLING ME A 'FUCKING IDIOT' VIA WALKY TALKY.
KITCHENHANDS TODAY! DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY THEY ARE!
Mmm!
RIGHT ON!
LAZY BASTARDS!
YOU SAID IT.'
END.

SHOCK DEMOTION BUT DISHPIG VOWS TO DISHWASH AGAIN!!!

A Dishpig recently demoted and now employed as a cook has publically declared that "He WILL wash dishes again".

"I don't understand" he has been heard to remark to other staff "I thought I was doing a pretty good job...it came as a real shock!"

At first thinking of throwing in the towel once and for all and becoming a lighthouse keeper the said worker [name withheld to avoid embarrassment] then said he "...decided to give it another go" and spends his days working towards the day when he can once again go to work in the sink with his head held high

It's McHistory.

Unionized workers at McDonald's in Squamish soon will be serving up North America's first McUnion burger.

After a landmark struggle, the Squamish outlet of the world s most famous hamburger chain became North America's first unionized McDonald's yesterday when the B.C. Labor Relations Board certified the Canadian Auto Workers to represent the 83 workers at McDonald's.

"This is a historic moment. This is like organizing the first IWA local in 1936," said Mark Leier, a professor of history at Simon Fraser University.

"It tells people that it's possible to form a union at McDonald's. You don't just have to sit back and take $7-an-hour, short shifts with juggling around. There is something you can do about this."

The deal became official when McDonald's and the union signed a memorandum of agreement after close to six hours of mediation with Brian Foley and Lisa Hansen of the LRB.

Last month, the union signed up more than the required 55 per cent of the employees to be recognized as the bargaining unit.

It was an emotional scene as the union celebrated with Jennifer Wiebe, 17, and Tessa Lowinger 16, the high-school students who were instrumental in leading the organizing drive. "I think it's a historic day for the labor movement in Canada " said Roger Crowther, national representative for the CAW. "It's the first operating McDonald's in North America that is cer- tified by any labor relations board."

Union officials do not believe McDonald's will shut down the restaurant as was done by a franchise in Montreal this past February just as its employees were to be unionized.

"They've issued a statement that they will not be closing this McDonald's restaurant. And we accept that in good faith," said Crowther.

He estimated a collective agreement would take about four to six months .

The union has dropped charges of unfair labor practices against McDonald's as part of the certification.

It had accused the company of "gross manipulation" of payroll records by hiring 28 employees when it learned about the union drive.

Jennifer and Tessa, who said the fight for respect and dignity for workers at McDonald's was their primary motive, were overjoyed at the LRB ruling.

"Unionized workers at McDonald's in Squamish soon will be serving up North America's first McUnion burger.

I'm really glad we've finally got our certification." said Tessa

"You've just got to stick up for what you believe in."

Said Jennifer: "I'm glad that this has gone through because now we're going to get the respect that we deserve.

"We have lots of support from people in Squamish."

Revellers ketchup on tradition as they paste the town red

Take 100 tonnes of ripe tomatoes, dump them in a village square, add tens of thousands of revellers and you get one of the world's most lurid festivals — and a very red town. Normally sleepy Bunol, in eastern Spain, spurted to life when 30.000 people pelted each other with tomatoes in the annual "tomatina" festival.

Throwers waded through ankle-deep pulp to gather more ammunition to keep the hour-long fight alive.

Many had partied through the night. The tomatina is said to have begun in 1945 when a tomato fight erupted spontaneously at a village fiesta

Pictures:REUTERS,AP

WHEN THE KITCHEN'S IN A BLOODY MESS
WE COME AND CLEAN IT WITHOUT STRESS
WE'LL EVEN ACT LIKE WE GIVE A TOSS
COZ YOU'RE A PSYCHO, FUCKING BOSS
WE ARE DISH PIGS, WE KNOW NO FEAR
NOW LETS GET A FEW THINGS CLEAR.

AN INJURT TO ONES
AN INJURY TO ALL
WEIRE GONNA HAVE YOU BOSSES } CHORUS
UP AGAINST THE WALL

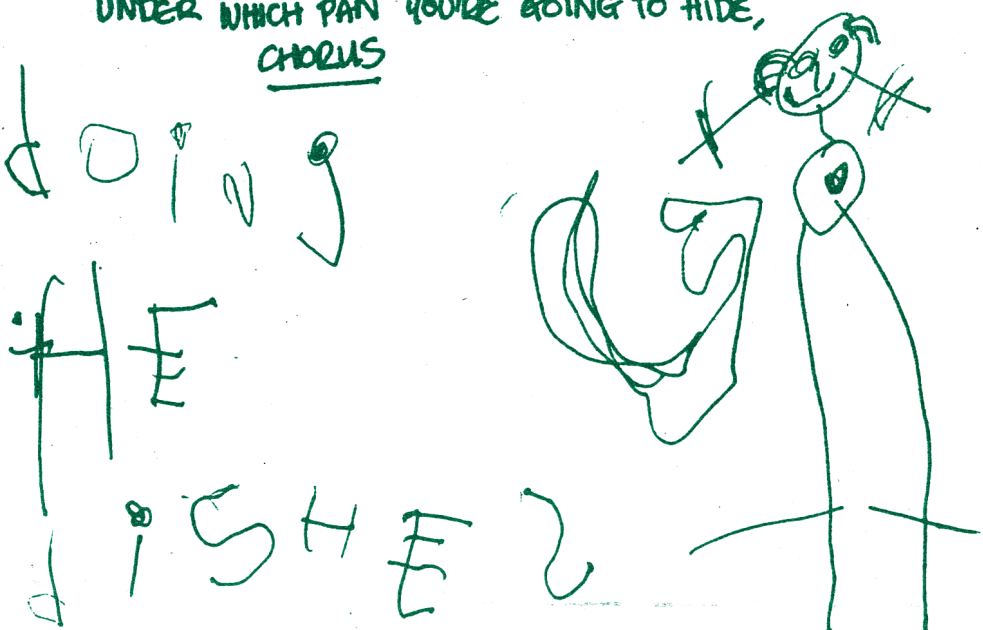
MONEY, MONEY, ITS ALL YOU SEE
YOU DON'T GIVE NOTHING AWAY FOR FREE
YOU ALL ARE FILTHY, CAPPO, SCUM
DONT FUCK WITH US, YOURE DAY WILL COME

WE DO WHAT ANYONE ASKS US TOO
HOSE THE MATS, CLEAN THE LOO
BUT AS WE SMILE AND SAY 'SURE THING'
WE'D RATHER HIT YOU WITH A BIN.

CHORUS

YOUR GAMES OF POWER MAKE US LAUGH
LIKE WHEN YOU SAY WE NEED A BATH
WE ARE DISH PIGS, MAKE NO MISTAKE
AND WE'LL BE DANCING AT YOUR WAKE
WE ARE DISH PIGS AND YOU BETTER DECIDE -
UNDER WHICH PAN YOURE GOING TO HIDE,

CHORUS



Dock ~~Dish~~ Pigs

Friday nite (early hours of sat morning actually), sitting at the bar having that oh so nice after piggin' beer when in rocks a dishpig from the European

"...c'mon mate....4000 people, 200 cops...it's all on down at Swanston dock she blurts....do you wanna lift?!..."

What a question...

"Lets go!" I say.

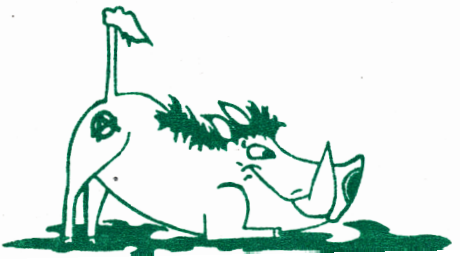
And so begins the story of Piggin' at the Docks.

On April 7th 1998 MUA workers were run off the Swanston docks of melb by balaclavaed thugs with dogs...in a military and brutal manner.... as part of an attempt by the company to break the union hold on the waterfront by sacking the union workforce and using scab labour from the ranks of the desperate and stupid.Earlier in Jan a similar event happened on Webb dock to facilkitate the setting up of an `alternative' workforce The immediate response of the union was to set up picket lines bringing the transit of goods from the main docks of melb (and around aust) to a halt...

With the threat of forceful breaking of the picket line on April 18th the call went out and by the time Victorias Finest arrive to do their duty they find 4-5000 people gathered in support of the MUA dockers determined that it wasn't gonna happen...

Totally outnumbered the police stand off, making a few optimistic feints towards the crowd, but never really seriously trying it on....

The feeling is electric....spiky punks stand and links arms with burly wharfies on one side and grannies on the other....searchlights try and pick their way through the swathes of thick smoke pouring from the fires lit to warm ourselves as the news and police choppers circle overhead...



With the arrival of several hundred building workers at 7am on the sat morning the police finally admit defeat and withdraw to lick their figurative wounds and try and wait for further orders....

As the day goes on people come and people go....the numbers up and down but never less than a few thousand with the comforting promise of doubling that again at the first sign of trouble.....barricades are fortified, awnings and tents spring up about the place as people settle in to wait it out....

After a day of false alarms and drill after drill of linking arms 'to hold the line' we (Dishpigs and others) leave with the general call for food ringing in our ears...promising to return the next day.

So come noon sunday a few of us arrive in the (now dead but fondly remembered) Food Not Bombs van....equipped with a huge pot of soup and enough to make another....

Quickly setting up a table and and setting to on the veges it was not long before the delicious aroma of the soup drew takers....cold and hungry from the long night.....

From such small beginnings grew Food Not Scabs, a collective made up of DishPigs, Food Not Bomb'ers and others, which fed that multitude of unionists and supporters 24 hours a day for going on 4 weeks.

we soon got into the swing of it....churning out delicious soup after delicious soup along with a few vege stews and with considerable respectful remembrance to Rocky who in that first 24 hours ran a marathon of stir fries without pause....

Amazed at our ability to operate non-stop providing good sustaining food the wharfies and other unionists and supporters couldn't do enuff for us....from a rickety trestle table with a single burner and a handful of bowls and cups, Food Not Scabs soon found itself in a fully equipped kitchen tent with a new burner and as much cooking materials and utensils as we wanted....Having a solid base became more and more important and most of us decided to move in for the duration with some living in the dead van whilst other slept under the cover of the infamous PTU tent which tended to act more like a wind-sock cum weather balloon than a shelter....never-the-less it did keep the sun off heh heh

As time went on FNS's very quickly became a well organised force with a loose roster,regular supplies being brought in by the unions or donated by supporters, and enuff structure to be able to organise daily food drops to the other smaller pickets holding the lesser gates around the docks as well as sending a bit of food to Webb dock from time to time.....

For three and a half weeks we fed people from all walks of life...wharfies, retired, kids, unemployed and professionals...all coming down to stand beside the MUA ; to fight for their own right to organise and be unionised...t hrough supporting the rights of the waterside workers. As it was in the 1930's people were quick to see the significance of the waterside dispute

and recognise that a defeat for the wharfies would mean a long ranging defeat for us all...

And throughout it all Food Not Scabs cooked,
and cooked
and cooked
and even took up organising entertainment with various gigs put on over the time to entertain the picketers and keep up the public awareness as well as attract people to come down in support

We marched beside the MUA at the mayday rally [with much cynical humour] we listening to the brown nosing politicians always found at the picket line looking for cheap points, we linked arms at the sight of trouble and attended the drills, we even mounted a campaign against the use of disposable utensils.....but ALWAYS our biggest concern was whether there was any soup.

Sadly what should have been a resounding victory for workers that would have sent the company dogs howling to their respective kennels was twisted, manipulated and finally sold out with an agreement to sell off another 600 jobs and allow non-union labour into the maintenance and cleaning positions....the thin edge of a malicious wedge which will eventually destroy one of the last remaining stronghold of militant unionism...

Regardless of the abysmal sellout , many good and encouraging things came from the 30 odd days we gathered at the docks...:.the feeling of unity, the breaking down of false barriers between sections of the community and even different unions themselves and the level of autonomous Co-operation that grew from the dock gates occupation is something not seen since the days of the tramways dispute or the deregistration of the BLF. Strong bonds were forged between union and community....employed and unemployed...bonds that will last and add further strength to the struggles that surely lay ahead....

Food Not Scabs itself was hilarious.... an ever evolving experiment in a return to propaganda by deed....it grew faster than we could ever have imagined....from a symbolic `pot of soup' on a old grey sunday Food Not Scabs became one of the central meeting points for cold weary and hungry picketers ...marathon ~soup sessions' would take place overnight....pots steaming in the midnight hours and rumours of cooks that never slept....

Incredibly successful in it own right, providing essential food to the picket line.....Food Not Scabs was also a demonstration of spontaneous collectivity...providing ourselves with a chance to practice what we preach....and others an example of our ideas in action....

Itsa Funny Ole World Innit?!

2am....I lean on the railing...the bank of airconditioners obscuring me from behind... smoggy skyline lit with that generic city glow... laneway below....more carpark above, all closed now...all is quiet.....just right for that after-mopping `j `.

And as i pull at the joint ..blending into the shadows of my industrial haven life presents another little drama .....

.... the small white van arrives... pulls up on the corner....driver hops out....wanders around to where the cafe entrance is...gone from sight....perhaps looking for a quick beer.

"dodgy" i think to myself " ...to leave a van unattended like that."
I pull at the joint and continue my ruminations.....watch the smog blend with drizzle....the laneway slick and shiny...

Up the street he strolls.... indifferent to the rain, been worse, as he nears he corner he moves towards the van....after a glance around he opens the door, leans in and comes out holding a large black bag...good score .....
he shuts the door and bolts.... straight down the outside carpark ...a last glimpse as he ducks behind a parked car far down the lot....and then, gone.

Silent and still once more....the joint is almost finished ..... the driver reappears, climbs into his van and is out in a couple of seconds...a puzzled and pissed look on his face...looks up and down the lane....even looks up towards me....but i am nothing but a shadow amongst others....
It's just that some shadows are more mobile....

The van is gone now....and so am i...

THE KITCHEN FIGHTS BACK

My head chef chopped the top off his thumb. It must have hurt but he really went on about it. I changed his board and discovered the severed bit and bought it over to him at which he went greenish and rushed from the kitchen clutching his belly saying he was gonna spew. The same chef gives me shit when I complain about the quail be-headings in the kitchen.

dishalusioned
Wanturna

We have exposed electricity cables in our kitchen, near water. Our chef reached down, touched them and was thrown backwards accross the kitchen to land on his arse. A week later, the wires have not been covered. If he hadnt been standing on a rubber mat he d be dead by now.

dishgruntled
Corio Bay

Subject: Restaurant Workers
Date: Fri, 27 Mar 1998 09:56:41 -0800 (PST)
From: obu@teleport.com
To: iu640-l@iww.org

From: Alexis Buss <alexis@netaxs.com
To: Jeffrey Brite <frno@acadiacom.net
Cc: Iww-List (E-mail) <iww-list@iww.org>
Subject: Re: Research
Date: Thursday, March 26, 1998 8:44 AM

On Thu, 26 Mar 1998, Jeffrey Brite wrote:

I'm trying to do some research on restaurant workers, but I'm having a little problem getting started. Can anyone help? I'm looking information on the industry standard for restaurant workers in the US and Other Industrial workers, like wages, benefits... Any help will do,

Jeff,

The survey and organizing drive that State College, PA back IWW, including me, who attempted to organize the town. We started without anyparticular place in mind, and conducted a "wages, hours, and working conditions" survey among as many restaurant workers as we could contact.

restaurant workers Alexis mentions happened in in 1973-74. Members of the were students at Penn State, entire restaurant industry of the

The survey was done under the auspices of the Penn State student government, where a few members of the branch were "senators". Our basic method of circulating the survey forms was to walk in to a restaurant and, making sure that no boss could hear what was going on, explain the survey and its purpose to one of the workers and ask if he or she could circulate the forms and ask people to fill them out and send them back to a P.O. Box.

We stressed that anyone who responded would remain anonymous. It didn't hurt that we were doing a student government sponsored survey, rather than an openly pro-union survey, and we ended up getting responses from workers in almost every restaurant in State College.

The results gave us a picture of what the organizing possibilities werelike in each workplace. We put colored pins in a map of the town showing the location of each restaurant: white for "No chance", yellow for "Maybe", black for "Ripe for organizing", red for "Wobs and sympathizers onsite." An example of a ripe for organizing place would be a diner where almost the entire staff filled out the forms and returned them in the same envelope with their names written at the top along with comments denouncing their boss.

The first place we tried to organize was a Kentucky Fried Chicken thatshowed up as a hotspot on the map and had a very high turnover rate. Members of the branch who needed work applied for the open jobs, and soon at least a third of the 15 or so KFC workers were wobblies who had applied with the intention of trying to organize. Within a short while a majority (in fact just about everyone) had signed authorization cards and were holding regular organizing meetings. The boss still knew very little about what was happening. Rather than taking the NLRB election route, the workers decided to try to get "voluntary recognition" by all showing up at the same time wearing IWW buttons and displaying the stack of signed cards to the boss, whose name I forget. The result was a walkout that lasted for months until the KFC went out of business (reopening a year later with a different franchise). The boycott that the branch organized was extremely successful, so that the scabs that were hired to replace the strikers had no one to serve most of the time.

Anyhow, the drive spread to several other restaurants, including a Roy Rogers where an NLRB election that voted down the union 2-1 was held. The firm of Jackson, Lewis, Schnitzler and Krupman that Alexis and the other Borders workers in Philadelphia encountered during their organizing drive was hired by the State College restaurant owners' association, and tens of thousands of dollars were spent to defeat us. After a while the organizing drive fizzled out without ever getting employer recognition or a contract anywhere. However, conditions and pay did improve somewhat, at least for a while.

I'm getting ready to head for work, so I have to cut this short. Using a survey to locate the hotspots is a great way to stir up a lot of trouble and publicizing the results just by itself lets people know what miserable employers restaurants can be. Using this approach to prepare for a city-wide drive allows you to take a proactive, strategic approach rather than the reactive approach that most recent IWW drives have taken. Please get in touch if you would like to discuss this further.

In Solidarity,
Frank

If you're interested in more info check out these web sites:
www.teleport.com/~obu/640/640.html
(Restaurant Workers Homepage)
www.iww.org.au
(General INdustrial Workers of the World Homepage)
or you can contact the email list this article was sourced from:
iu640-l@iww.org

This little extract is the introduction to a short story in the Canadian sic-fi/fantasy anthology 'Northern Lights" I borrowed from Coburg Library the other day.

Despite its tremendous start, (reprinted below) this story soon moves from the promising, heady atmosphere of the kitchen, to the manoeuvres of High Priests, acolytes and an angelic hill woman. I like this piece as it seems to endow the everyday actions of the potboy (kitchenhand today), with tremendous supernatural power. Which is what i've been telling them heathen chefs for a while now.....

The Reckoning of Gifts

James Alan Gardner

A junior cook brushes against the soup cauldron, hot, searing hot. He curses.

The kitchen noise strangles to horrified silence. Profanity is always dangerous here on temple grounds, and the danger is multiplied a thousandfold by the proximity of holy objects.

The cauldron holds the high priest's soup.

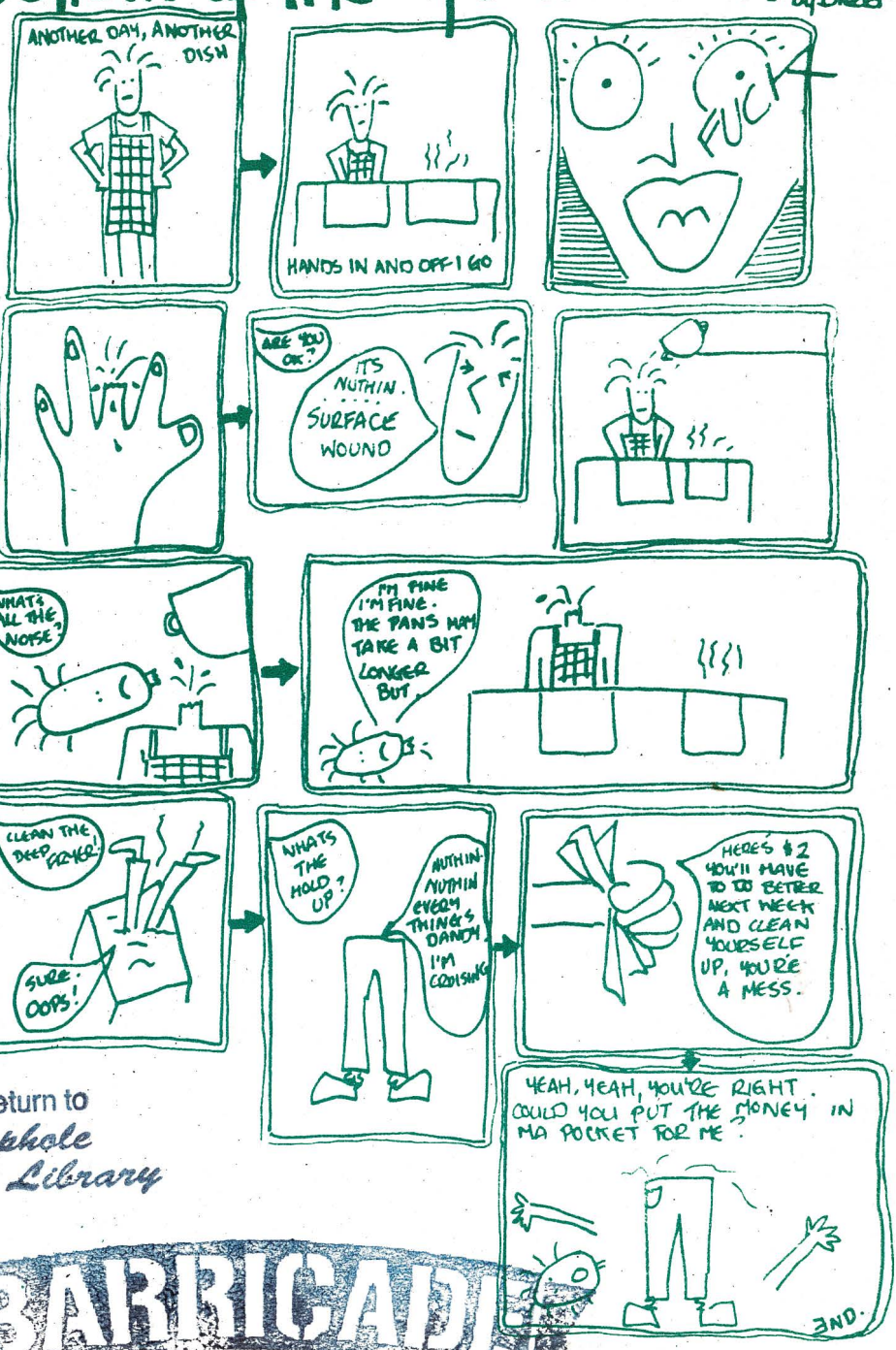
A potboy screams out the door for an exorcist, but he knows it's too late: the words have ripped the amniotic sac that protects our world from the chaos outside. Demons must be streaming in by the dozen, invisible demons who sniff once at the kitchen staff, then scatter in search of the tastier souls of the clergy. The potboy can almost see the demons—fanged, clawed, with naked female breasts—racing down the corridor, wiping their hands on the tapestries as they go by (the dyes fade, the threads ravel), pouring out into the herb garden to wither the foxgloves, to suck the soothing power from camomile and the flavor from basil, then on across the courtyard, kicking a few cobblestones loose to trip passers-by, pinching the horses of a bishop's carriage, flying unseen past the warders and into the temple proper where they will crumple scrolls, tarnish chalices, and set the bells to wild jangling. Novices in catechism class will stumble over words as the demons tempt them to remember sweet berry pies, gravied beef, and a score of other foods the holy must forswear; priests hearing confession will find themselves dreaming of the feel of sins, the satisfying crunch of a fist plunged into the face of a self-righteous parishioner, or the excitement of commanding an adulteress to disrobe; and the high priest himself, Vasudheva, voice of the gods on earth, will be swarmed by demons, engulfed by them, demons raking their claws across his heart until it shreds into tatters that toss on the winds of desire.

The junior cook faints. Others pale and scatter their clothes with salt. But the Kitchen Master simply tells everyone to get back to work. He cuffs the potboy who called for help, a good solid clout on the ear that sends the boy staggering back against a chopping block.

"The lad's too excitable," the Kitchen Master tells the exorcist who appears in the doorway. "Sorry to trouble you. Nothing's wrong."

bottom of the food chain

by Dread


ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DISH
HANDS IN AND OFF I GO
FUCK
ARE YOU OK?
IT'S NUTHIN. . . . . SURFACE WOUND
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?
I'M FINE I'M FINE. THE PANS MAY TAKE A BIT LONGER BUT,
CLEAN THE DEEP FRYER!
SURE! OOPS!
WHAT'S THE HOLD UP?
NUTHIN' NUTHIN EVERY THING'S DANDY I'M COOKING
HERE'S $2 YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER NEXT WEEK AND CLEAN YOURSELF UP, YOU'RE A MESS.
YEAH, YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. COULD YOU PUT THE MONEY IN MA POCKET FOR ME?
3ND.

Please return to
Loophole
Library

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ANARCHIST BOOKSHOP